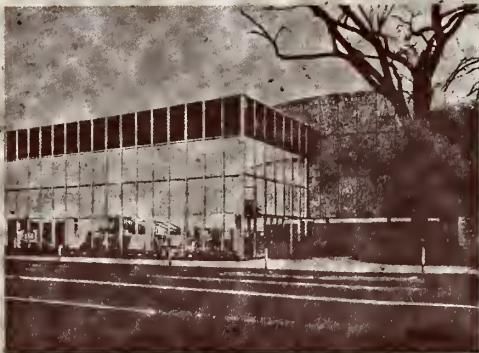


# Snips and Cuts



1910

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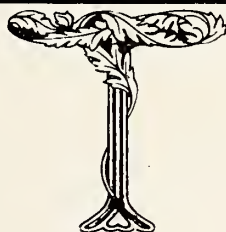


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# *Snips and Cuts*

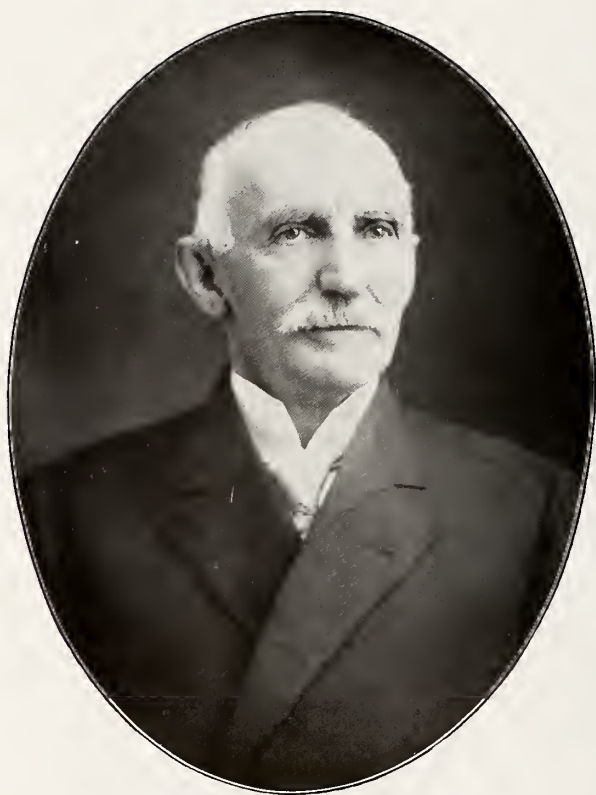
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*Edited by Students of*  
*Charlotte High School*  
*Charlotte, N. C.*  
*1910*



*Presses of Ray Printing Company*  
*Charlotte, N. C.*



PROF. ALEXANDER GRAHAM



With Grateful Acknowledgement  
of the many kindnesses  
shown us  
while in

Charlotte High School


We, the Students  
Dedicate this Volume  
... of ...

“Snips and Cuts”

to

Prof. Alexander Graham

## Autobiography of Prof. Graham

 ALEXANDER GRAHAM, prominent among educators of North Carolina, was born near Fayetteville, Cumberland County, N. C., on the 12th of September, 1844. He was prepared for college in the schools of Fayetteville. During 1860-61 he taught in public country schools, and in 1862 was elected principal of Richmond Academy, \_\_\_\_\_, N. C.

In July, 1866, he joined the class of 1869 of the University of North Carolina, entering the Sophomore class. While a member of the Senior class of the University he was elected principal of an academy in Bladen county, N. C., and held that position until October, 1871, when he was elected a teacher in the Anthon Grammar School of New York City.

Mr. Graham entered the Columbia Law College, while an instructor in the Anthon Grammar School, and was graduated from Columbia Law College, receiving the degree of L. L. B., in May, 1873, and in the same month was licensed to practice law in New York. He returned to North Carolina in January, 1875, and was admitted by the Supreme Court to practice in this State.

He practiced law in Fayetteville until 1878, when he was elected superintendent of the Public Schools of that town. By re-election he continued in charge of those schools for ten years, during which time the degree of A. M. was conferred upon him by the State University. In 1882 he was chosen instructor of history and mental arithmetic in the South Carolina State Institute, held in Columbia; and was president and conductor of the North Carolina State Normal, held in Washington, N. C., annually from 1884 to 1889. From 1889 to 1906, while Superintendent of the Public Schools of Charlotte, Mr. Graham did institute work in the counties in Eastern, Middle, and Western North Carolina; and during that period he taught successively for twelve years in the University Summer School. He became Superintendent of the Charlotte Public Schools in 1888 and has been annually re-elected to this position for twenty-two years. On October 1, 1910, if he lives, Mr. Graham will have reached his fiftieth year as a North Carolina school teacher.

## Editors' Preface



THE public in general are coming to ask more and more every day, "Have you any one in your school who can write something worth reading?" "Has your school any life in it?" In answer to the above, and many such similar questions, we, the students of the Charlotte High School, present to the public this volume.

In the publication of this 1910 issue we present the second volume of Snips and Cuts. We have spent many long and anxious hours over our work and now present to you the results of our labors. But with all our work you will not find a faultless annual. To the students, may this be a remembrance of the trials and the pleasures of High School, and to you we offer our sincere thanks for your co-operation.

THE EDITORS.



# Teachers in the High School

(From the Students Standpoint)

**M**R. HARDING, our principal and teacher of English and Mathematics, as known by the students is a strict disciplinarian, but being at the disadvantage of holding two positions, and having but the one self order, is not maintained all the time. When he is away the students are like mice when the cat is away; and, still he abhors the sight of play so much, that the mice were relieved of the hazardous job of annexing a belt to him, for he never fails when approaching the class-room door to announce his coming by his feet. Mr. Harding excels so as an English teacher that it is said of him that "he makes a dry book burst its cover with springs of interest."

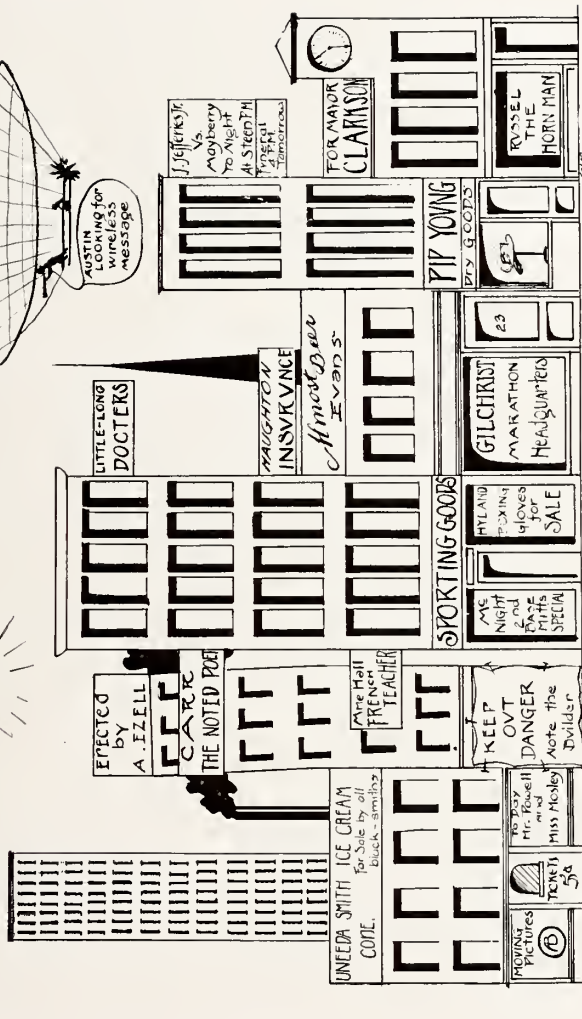
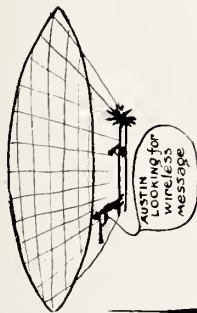
Mr. Flanagan, our dear "elf" and teacher of Latin, French, Greek, History and Physics, though he has been with us but one year, has developed into a handsome young man. (Ask the girls to describe his eyes). He has afforded us many half hours "staying in," for which, with grateful acknowledgements, we offer our thanks.

Mr. Randolph, Principal of the South School and teacher of the ninth grade, has always given us help with which to get out of our difficulties, and the same kind disposition is showing out in his little son, for on April's first day last year, when some of us ran away from school and were very much worried over what our penalty would be, we found the next day to our great surprise that we were excused from punishment in honor of Mr. Randolph's lately arrived. While in Mr. Randolph's room we first met Uncle Julius Caesar, nearly all of us were greatly embarrassed, but by the end of the year there were very few who had not made friends with him. The fact that so many of us made good friends with Uncle Julius is due to the excellent ability of the instructor.

Mr. Keesler, our teacher of music, is doing a most joyful work in the High School, but unlike the grasshopper who sings all summer Mr. Keesler sings all winter.

Last, but not least, comes Mr. Walker, for he is the tallest man in the building. His position is that of Janitor, and is expert in his line. At our first sight of him we decided to behave when he is about, for judging by his appearance we took him to be a prominent school commissioner.

M. E. B.



CHARLOTTE IN 1925

# Editorial Staff

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## CHIEF EDITORS

Martin E. Boyer, Jr.

Miss Charlotte Rucker

## SOCIAL EDITORS

Miss Olive Brice

Miss Susan Wilson

## ATHLETIC EDITORS

Mebane Long

Roy McNight

## COMIC EDITORS

Albert Ezell

Junius Smith

## BUSINESS MANAGERS

Fred McCall

Cyrus Long





ANNUAL STAFF—SNIPS AND CUTS



## Mistaken Identity



JAMES MARSHELE, a bachelor, was returning from a pleasant evening at the club. It must have been about twelve thirty o'clock. I was walking slowly along whistling softly to myself, in a most agreeable humor, and inclined to look at the bright side of everything. Just as I arrived at the corner of an old brick building, two tall women sprang out from the shadows of the wall and seized me, one by the arms, the other by the collar.

"You wretch! I have you now," exclaimed the portly dame who held my collar with a grip which entirely cut off my wind; and with that they began dragging me down the sidewalk toward a small house. Of course I began struggling for my freedom and trying to expostulate, all to no purpose since they were very strong and I was a small man.

"L-e-t me explain," I managed to gasp.

"Oh, you'll have time enough in a minute," said the other sarcastically.

They dragged me up the steps, through the door and into a room; then they pounced upon me, pulling my hair, ear and nose, scratching and clawing my face, tearing my collar and tie, and jerking me this way and that.

"You beast, to treat me that way! Get drunk and gamble and stay out till twelve o'clock. will you?" yelled the one who seemed to be my wife, shaking me till my teeth chattered.

"Yes, spend all your money on drink and cards! Going to run off and leave my daughter and me, eh? To think what a villain Mary has married!" screamed my seeming mother-in-law, clawing my face and having a tug of war with my hair. Then they slammed me over in a corner. "Now explain," they screamed at me.



I sat in the corner half dazed, furious, humiliated, angry with myself, and smarting after the rough treatment I had received, I half rose and choking back my anger started to demand an explanation, when again they made at me for a second onslaught; but I was too quick for them and jumped on the other side of the long table standing near. Throwing a couple of books at me with a yell of rage one made for each end of the table, when a fourth individual appeared in the doorway.

"Hic, what 'smatter in here?" he hiccoughed, staggering against the side of the door. I stared at him and saw my second self; he was myself over again; we were of the same build, hair of a light shade, light eyes, and almost exactly the same features; moreover we both wore dark suits, his hair was in disorder, his collar and tie torn up, and he had lost his hat, together we were a most comical pair.

The two women gasped in amazement at first one and then the other of us; we stared at each other in astonishment; the cause of the mistake then dawned upon me. I broke the spell. "There's your unfortunate husband," I shouted at them as I bolted for the door, shoving him aside.

"So it's you at last," I heard my former supposed wife scream, and the two made a rush for the poor unfortunate who was gazing in a dazed manner after me, his second self. And with mingled feelings of anger, discomfiture, and amusement, I turned and left the three beginning over again the act of which, much to my sorrow, I had been a part.

CYRUS LONG, '10.

## Farewell to the Old School Days

---

**H**ERE in the close of our last school year,  
Let us go back to the days we love so dear,  
And though it may seem tiresome for you to hear,  
Just remember, to our hearts its so very dear.

It was a breezy September day in the year of 1899,  
When we discovered ourselves placed in the line  
To begin studies in nice primers so new;  
Then when this completed more work we'd do.  
Nevertheless, Miss Sallie was ever thoughtful and kind  
To the little ones she had for the imbuing of their minds.  
Ever so long did those first days seem,  
But with delight would our little faces beam  
At the ever welcomed sound—the old bell ringing—  
So homeward we'd trudge with our little hearts singing.  
No tardy marks or demerits cared we to receive  
For soon our first grade we'd reluctantly leave.  
Through the second and third we gaily did come,  
Willing to attack many a new sum.  
Before us loomed Stoddards so terrible and large,  
And at the same time learned to spell "baker" and "barge."  
Through the fourth and fifth we easily glided;  
But when we struck Latin we nearly back-slided.  
We cheered up, for the worse would be with us soon,  
When Algebra we met in Misses Fannie's or Charlee's room.  
It was not all that hard, I suppose you'll think,  
But to this day with fear it makes me shrink.  
We studied Enoch Arden and his childhood days,  
As on the seashore with Annie he plays,  
And how they grew up and married one day  
Luring happily on 'til Enoch goes away  
On his far off European journey.  
This year sped on, as all years do,  
'Til vacation days came, so short and few.

And hardly before we knew it—it was so soon—  
 We had reached the ninth, Mr. Randolph's room.  
 He took us on marches with Caesar, the great,  
 And passed over the sad episode of the Carthaginians' fate.  
 But this was nothing to compare, for bye and bye,  
 Mr. Randolph would ask for the value of X and Y.  
 But this is the merriest part of my song,  
 For our year did not seem so very, very long,  
 And we had climbed to the longed for tenth grade,  
 So now of vast sums no longer were we afraid,  
 For Mr. Harding with the help of good Mr. Giles,  
 Assisted us safely over the deep gulf of trials.  
 As we started at Alamance on that memorable round,  
 Marching with the brave Southerners from town to town;  
 How they so heroically and bravely stood and fell,  
 Amid the raging sound of shot and shell.  
 Then, too, we studied of the Prince's love so onesided,  
 Until the princess to return his love decided.  
 But we did not work without some fun,  
 For our room was a very sociable one—  
 Basket-ball games and spreads at recess,  
 Also were ranked along with the best.  
 Classmeetings with the jokes and jests so rare  
 Came along with these for a prominent share.  
 Until almost too soon that Junior year passed,  
 And after vacation as Seniors we were classed.  
 The class is not as large as the class of old,  
 Yet twenty-one are of the class of black and gold.  
 United monthly with the class of 1911 to come,  
 The two classes together have very much fun,  
 Even if we do have much studying to do  
 We master and conquer, and soon get through.  
 And now we have arrived at the close of the year  
 Which, in the minds will ever be near.  
 And in the future, when we of this class will be scattered  
     far and near,  
 Never more on this old school campus, some of us will  
     appear,

But we'll ever remember those dear old days,  
And the leniency of good Mr. Flanningan's ways.  
And now both sad and glad in the depths of my heart  
As this graduating class doth depart  
I bid you dear teachers in behalf of my class  
Farewell to each one as now we do pass,  
And thank you so tenderly for what you have done,  
As we passed so successfully on from grade one  
During the months of September to the months of May,  
Which have just passed so pleasantly away.

BLANCHE OWENS.





GRADUATING CLASS '10

# Graduating Class '10

---

## Officers

PRESIDENT—Junius M. Smith

VICE-PRESIDENT—Miss Susan Wilson

TREASURER—Miss Sara Moseley

SECRETARY—Miss Charlotte Rucker

## Members

Bascum Otto Austin

Ward Rogers Evans

Albert Judson Ezell

Miss Estelle Glenn

Miss Janet Muriel Hall

Thomas Hill Haughton, Jr.

Miss Ruby Lucile Hoover

William David Hyland

Calvin M. Little

Henry Cyrus Long

Durwood F. Mayberry

Miss Minnie V. Medwediff

Roy B. McKnight

Miss Mabel Alice Miller

Miss Sara Moseley

Miss Mildred Neal

Miss Lillian B. Owens

Miss Charlotte Rucker

Miss Idabelle Shaw

Junius M. Shaw

Miss Susan Elizabeth Wilson



# Class Prophecy

---

FALL 1920.



It had always been my desire to travel, and after teaching five years in the Woman's College of Richmond, I resigned my position for the purpose of making a tour of the United States.

I had led such a busy life that I had almost forgotten my school-mates of High School until I boarded the train at Richmond, where I met Ward, a traveling salesman for the National Cash Register Co. Seeing Ward brought back memories of High School days and made me want to see all my old class mates. Ward said that in traveling he saw some of them most every day and could locate them for me. After he had given me the addresses of most of them, I started out with the determination of seeing every one of my class-mates before I returned to the college.

First I visited Charlotte, my old home town. There I was very royally entertained at the home of the mayor of that large city, Mr. C. M. Little. His wife, our Sara of the High School, was a very charming hostess. I also visited Ruby and Idabel, who were very efficient stenographers for the Armour Packing Co. In Charlotte I also found Estelle, doing charitable deeds and lending a helping hand to all who were in need, as only a preacher's wife can do it.

After leaving Charlotte I visited Raleigh. There I found Thomas, who was in the legislature and hoped some day to be Governor of North Carolina.

From Raleigh I went to Kansas City, and later, on my way to New Orleans, the train was wrecked at a small town in Mississippi, where we had to stop for a few hours. Being a school teacher myself, I was interested in schools and visited the school of that town. There, to my surprise, I found that Mildred was teaching.

Leaving New Orleans, I traveled on through many western towns to San Francisco. Ward had told me that David was living in San Francisco, and while there I looked him up. I found that he was the famous prize fighter of the West.

After making a tour of all the beautiful western cities, I started East stopping at Chicago. While looking over that city, I noticed a sign saying there was to be a famous lecture on Woman's Rights at the Woman's Club. I had never heard one of these lectures and decided that as I was on a pleasure trip, I would go and hear one. I was greatly surprised when I reached the club to find that this famous address was to be delivered by Miss Mabel Miller, of Charlotte, N. C. Mabel delivered the address with much enthusiasm, as only Mabel can do. In Chicago I also found Derr, who was a very prominent lawyer of that great city.

From Chicago I went to New York. While there I attended Grand Opera and heard one of the most popular singers of the time, Mr. Junius Smith. After the opera was over, I asked to see Mr. Smith and was very much gratified to think that I was received by such a famous man as he. Junius suggested that we go around to Madison Square and see Albert, who was one of the popular artists of the United States. The only change I found in Albert was that he spelled his name differently. He was very famous for painting magazine covers. From New York, I ran up to New Haven, where I had the pleasure of visiting Yale College. There I was glad to find that Cyrus was one of the best professors in the college.

On my way from New York to Washington, I stopped in Philadelphia to visit a friend who was ill at the Frankfort Hospital. After finding that Minnie was her physician and Blanche her nurse, I knew she would soon recover.

When I boarded the train for Washington, I met Roy, who said that he was playing second baseman for the Boston Nationals and was then on his way to play a game in Chicago. After reaching Washington, I went to the new Willard Hotel. While I was eating my lunch, Otto came



in and sat down at the same table, where I was. He told me he had invented a way for growing wheat by electricity and was in Washington trying to get a patent on it.

Now that it was almost time for school to open and I had promised to teach again at the Woman's College, I found that I must return to Richmond at once. On reaching the college, I found that Janet had been chosen lady principal for the next year and that Sudie was to teach violin. It seemed like old times to have Janet and Sudie with me and tell them of my pleasure trip, especially of seeing every one of our class-mates of "those High School Days."

CHARLOTTE RUCKER, '10.





CLASS OF '11

# Junior Class

---

## Officers

PRESIDENT—Martin Boyer, Jr

VICE-PRESIDENT—Miss Erwin Kerr

SEC. AND TREAS.—Miss Elizabeth Bomar

## Members

Ulhman S. Alexander	Miss Kate Graham
DeWitt R. Austin	Edward Y. Keesler
Miss Mary B. Bloom	Miss M. Erwin Kerr
Miss Elizabeth C. Bomar	Miss Virginia T. Lillard
Martin E. Boyer, Jr.	Giles Mebane Long
Miss Olive Brice	Miss Ilaweese McCausland
John W. Carr	Fred McCall
William K. Carr	Miss Ruby L. Polk
Miss Isabel C. Chapman	L. Morrow Russell
Heriot Clarkson, Jr.	Miss Julia M. Smith
Miss Dora Davis	Miss Mary C. Smith
Edward W. DeArmon	Miss Louise B. Spong
Miss Anna Belle Dowd	Miss Martha C. Squires
Miss Emily Durham	Miss Kathleen R. Steere
John Wm. S. Gilchrist	W. Wayte Thomas
	D. Caldwell Young

## The Good Uses of Latin

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**P**ROFESSOR DODSWORTH rang the last bell at 8:30 o'clock for the boys and girls of the small, but industrious village-school of Mossville, to take their seats. Notable among these was a sturdy looking lad of sixteen, who lagged behind and with head bent low, seemed to be in deep meditation. He was not a handsome boy, but had a very striking and honest countenance, which in the long run counts more than anything; even if he had the lineaments of Apollo and the wisdom of Solomon. This boy, who was known by the name of Theodore Yates, walked quietly into the school-room, and without his customary "Good morning" to the teacher, took his seat.

After the opening exercises were finished, the Latin class was called for recitation. There were only five pupils in this class, four boys and one girl. Oh! that girl. She was the cause of Theodore's sad face. This young lady, as all girls call themselves at her age, was very pretty with the complexion of a rosy-faced child of three years. She wore glasses, not because she was near or far-sighted, but because her eyes were weak. The glasses, however, did not injure the divine hue, as Theodore called it, or alter the bewitching glances which she shot at him whenever he turned in his seat.

They all seated themselves on the recitation bench, and the lesson began.

"The lesson for to-day," began Professor Dodsworth, "is the Latin exercise on page fifty-three, Evelyn," for this was the name of Theodore's fiancée, "you may read the first sentence."

Evelyn arose and began, "Puella puerum amat, the girl loves the boy."

"Correct, you may sit down," said Professor Dods-

worth. "Now, Theodore, can you give me a sentence with same form of sum as the verb?"

"Yes, sir," answered Theodore quickly, for constructing Latin sentences was his favorite diversion. So he arose and looking Evelyn squarely in the face, said, "Amor caecus est, love is blind." Evelyn blushed and turned her head away, pretending to look up some word in the vocabulary. The teacher only said, "Very good, Theodore." After this the recitation went on smoothly. The lesson having been assigned, the pupils returned to their seats.

As Theodore passed Evelyn, she slipped a note in his hand. When he got to his seat he looked at the note. His heart gave a joyful bound, for there on the outside of the note, was the pet name "she" had given him, "Ted." He opened and read:

Dear Ted—

What is the matter with you to-day.

Lovingly,

EVELYN.

Theodore picked up his pencil and wrote back as follows:

Evelyn—

Don't call me "Dear Ted." You know as well as I do what's the matter with me. You may think that I care whether you go with other boys or not, but you are wrong. I don't care. Maybe I am talking too harsh, but you haven't the heart of a boy and you hardly know what jealousy means. I don't see why young girls your age want to go with boys three or four years their senior, but I suppose they have a perfect right to choose their associates. I will close before I say something that I will afterwards regret.

Here his name was signed in big, scrawling letters, Theodore Yadkin Yates.

Scarcely had he finished this note, when they were dismissed for a thirty minutes recess. The line was formed and Theodore chose his accustomed place as the last boy in the boy's line, next to the girls.

After the line was broken he handed the note to Evelyn and walked away suddenly to join a group of boys who were discussing the monthly examinations, but he heard nothing, his thoughts were in other channels. Turning he saw Evelyn walking alone and reading the note. After finishing it, she stepped behind a clump of shrubbery of which there was an abundance on the girls playground, and sat down on a stone. When he looked again she was leaning her head on her arms and crying. As he stood watching the playful sunbeams dance in and out of her curls, he could hardly resist running up to where she was sitting, to beg her pardon, and his heart was heavy.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the class was called on the following day, Professor Dodsworth asked Theodore to make a sentence illustrating the case construction after certain verbs compounded with ad; ante, con, in, inter, ob, etc. Theodore was happy. His chance had come! So with a moment's reflection, looking at Evelyn with eyes that seemed to show in themselves his forgiveness and sorrow for such hastily written words, he began, "Ignosce mihi quod scripserim, forgive what I have written." Evelyn understood that the sentence made for Professor Dodsworth was intended for her. In a few minutes, the teacher, unconscious of the part he was playing in this little drama of life, asked Evelyn to write on the board a sentence showing the change in the perfect tense of vinco. "Amor omnia vicit, love has conquered all things," wrote Evelyn, with a smile at Theodore. And the way of true love ran smoothly once more.

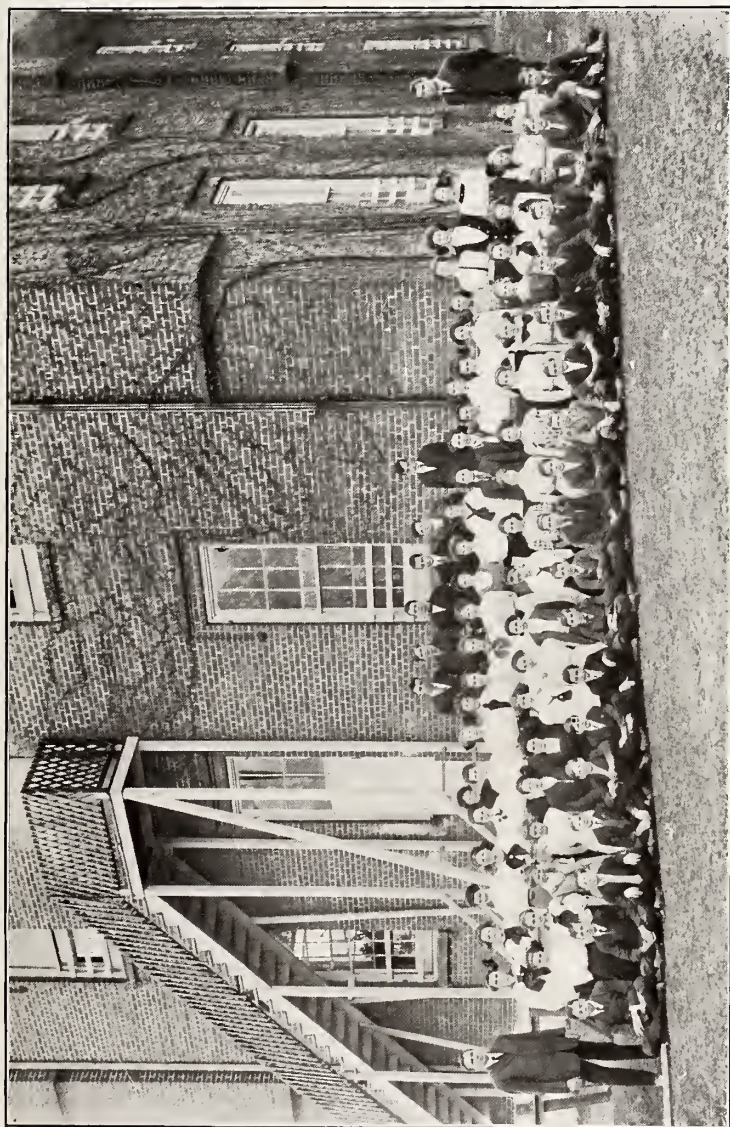
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"I hope you have decided to continue Latin, Evelyn," said her father that afternoon.

"Yes," replied Evelyn, "I have changed my mind. It has become most interesting. I just adore it."

WILL K. CARR, '11.





CLASS OF '12

## Class Members '12

Victor Roy Allison	Miss Flora Lee Hovis
Miss Mary Lois Anderson	Albert Roy Howland
Miss Anna Reid Andrews	Miss Annie May Hunter
Edward Cohen Ashe	Miss Lavinia Hunter
Miss Mary Elva Beattie	Tracy Walsh Huntley
Miss Alice Bilbie	Miss Johnsie M. Jamison
Miss Mary Louise Blakely	Miss Lillie May Jetton
Miss Lucy Louise Bomar	Miss Willie Etta Jones
Miss Ellen Brice	Herschel V. Johnson
Lore Snell Brown	Frederick Kendrick
Harry Ferris Burch	Miss Louise H. Lineburger
Miss Leta Louise Burkhead	Miss Mabel Elizabeth Link
Miss Mary Louise Butt	Miss Elizabeth Long
Miss Aileen Butt	Miss Jennie Talmage Long
Miss Jonnie Lytle Carr	George Washington Long
Henry Bacon Constable	Miss Margaret Mannering
Miss Laura Clifton Crump	Paul Francis McCane
Howard Lester Davenport	Miss Sarah Mellon
Miss Virginia P. Davidson	Miss Mollie Miller
Miss Cornelia Jordan Dowd	Miss Emma Eliae Moon
Miss Aubrey McCoy Elliott	Miss Addie Bell Nicholson
Miss Mildred Elliott	Miss Jannie Young Orders
John Erwin	Miss Miriam Everett Parker
George Lillington Evans	William Barney Pitts
Miss Louise Gordon Field	Miss Mary Olivia Pruette
Miss Levicey Gallant	White Rhyne
Miss Margaret B. Gray	Miss Wilhelmina Rock
Miss Anna Ophelia Hartt	Miss Dreddie O. Robinson
Jake Reid Hastings	Miss Mary Dunn Ross
Miss Bennie May Hiatt	Miss Sarah J. Rudisill
Arthur Irwin Henderson	Miss Frances I. Scholtz
Miss Norma G. Holobaugh	Miss Mary Shelton
Miss Clara Evelyn Holder	Miss Mary L. Shepherd



Sloan Stroud Sherrill  
Miss Marguerite Spillman  
Richard Lee Stitt  
Robert Holland Theiling  
Charles A. Thompson  
Miss Willie Anderson Todd  
James Eastman Ware

Miss Lillian Kay Wallace  
Miss Georgine Watt  
John Wilkes  
Miss Alma Willman  
Miss Mildred Sylvia Willcox  
Joe Orr Wentz  
Miss Margaret L. Young



# Alexander Graham Literary Society

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## Officers First Half Session '09

PRESIDENT—Cyrus Long  
VICE-PRESIDENT—Junius Smith  
SECRETARY—Heriot Clarkson  
TREASURER—Miss Charlotte Rucker  
CRITIC—Miss Virginia Lillard

---

## Officers Second Half Session '10

PRESIDENT—Martin Boyer, Jr.  
VICE-PRESIDENT—Miss Erwin Kerr  
SECRETARY—Miss Susan Wilson  
TREASURER—Fred McCall  
CRITIC—Miss Estelle Glenn  
SUPERVISOR—Miss Janet Hall

Being deeply sensible of the importance of properly fitting ourselves for acting well our respective parts in the great battle-field of life, we, the members of the Junior and Senior Classes of the Charlotte High School, have organized a society, the objects of which shall be our intellectual, moral, and social improvement.

Our society is called the "Alexander Graham," in honor of Prof. Alex. Graham, who, for more than two decades, has been the capable and efficient superintendent of the city schools.

Our regular meetings are held every four weeks on Friday afternoon. This year is the second in the history of our society. It might well be said that the quality of work for this year has been almost all that could be desired. At least, the success of our society—in this, its

infancy—expells, beyond the shadow of a doubt, any misgivings as to its permanence.

Our two aims are: to cultivate the arts of elocution and composition, and to promote a spirit of subordination to law and order. Although we know that we have fallen far short of our hopes, both as to the performance of our tasks, and as to our conduct, yet we feel that each and every member has been vastly benefited by this year's work.

Nor would we fail to make mention of the fact that, whatever of success we have had, much credit is due Prof. Harding. He superintended the organization and the framing of the constitution. His regular attendance and ever ready suggestions have been a source of great help and encouragement to us.

Let it be hoped that the future members of our society will maintain the standard of excellence attained this year, and that, thus, they will be able to say, "I am proud of the fact that I am a member of the "Alexander Graham."

E. L. F.



## Through the Earth

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SEVERAL years ago an ex-foreign minister to China from America told the following story to the National Board of Scientists at Washington: "About a year ago, as I was sitting at the window of my studio looking out toward the rear of the house, I beheld something protruding from the ground—something that I had never seen before. I immediately got up and investigated. It proved to be a round, oblong piece of metal, resembling a mixture of bronze and steel. It was about three inches in diameter, and afterwards proved to be about four feet long, with a sharp point at the upper end, which I could see as the object rose slowly from the ground. I was looking to see when the other end would come out, when there was a loud explosion, and the end of the great needle flew off. When I recovered, I saw that the other end was just out of the ground, and this must have caused the explosion.

Upon further investigation I found to my very great surprise that a wire was attached to the end of the needle. This wire appeared to be of the same metal as the needle. I started to move the huge needle, but upon touching it found it to be very hot. I poured water over it until it cooled off and then ventured to look it over closely. I found engraved in deep letters in the Chinese language the words, "Attach telephone to wire."

I soon procured a telephone, and with this attached to the wire talked into it for several minutes when to my great surprise a distinct, "Hello," in Chinese sounded through the 'phone. I answered, and a voice asked me who I was, still in the same language (the person was evidently sure that he was talking to some one in China). I told whoever it was that I was an American and he immediately began to talk in the English language. He

stated that he was V. Rodman Montgomery, B. S., of Hartville, N. C., U. S. A.

Several days later I was again talking to this Mr. Montgomery. He had mentioned establishing a telephone station at each end of the wire, but would say nothing about his method of running the wire through the earth. While we were talking I heard a low rumbling noise through the telephone, which noise began to sound louder and louder. Suddenly the telephone I was holding was jerked from my hands, and shot like a bullet to the hole in the earth. There was a loud snap, a hissing sound, and upon investigation I found that the wire attached to the telephone had snapped in two. Although this wire was only about half an inch in diameter, it was hollow and smelled of a peculiar gas, which must have been inside.

As I know a little of science, I took the needle apart, which was also hollow and made up of several parts. The upper half contained ground glass mixed with a dark brown fluid. As soon as I took this out it shot straight up into the air and I did not have time to investigate thoroughly. The other half was filled with the same peculiar gas which filled the wire. This gas must have been inside to prevent the metal from melting, for it surely must have been hot enough in the middle of the earth. I have the remains of the great needle, which you may examine whenever you wish.

I was very much wrought up by these happenings and determined to find out who this Mr. Montgomery was.

I resigned my position as foreign minister and immediately came to America. As soon as possible I sought out the Hartville, N. C., mentioned by Mr. Montgomery. It proved to be in the mountains of Western North Carolina.

Upon my arrival there, I inquired of the leading citizens about this Mr. Montgomery, and having collected all the information possible from them, put it together in this way:

Mr. Montgomery had come to Hartville seven years ago, alone. He had examined the land around carefully

and then purchased a lot about a mile from the village, in the thickest of the woods. He had built a hut and two large barns, which were always locked securely when he was not in them.

He had lived to himself, and discouraged visitors by talking only when asked a question. To put it as they expressed it, "he was very unsociable." Those who had visited him said that his place seemed to be surrounded by a very bad smelling gas, and that they could see in the hut numerous instruments and machines. No visitor had ever seen within either of the barns, although they said he came out of these every time.

Some of the people told me that he had been in the habit of receiving large mechanical instruments and curious devices. He had also received five carloads of a curious wire (this in description resembled the wire that was attached to the needle). Besides this he received a very thick cannon made of the strongest steel. This cannon differed from others in that it opened out in a large round ball at the large end, and this was very thick, so that it might be subjected to a very strong blast. A small hole about the size of the hollow wire had been drilled in this end.

A few months before I had gone to Hartville, an avalanche had destroyed the whole place owned by Mr. Montgomery. It buried the whole place with its owner. I found a few miles below where the house had been, a few pieces of machinery, although twisted and broken. I also found a quantity of the curious wire, but it was not filled with gas. That was all I found out in Hartville about the man.

The people of the village were curious to know why I should want to learn about this man, but I told them nothing. I afterward found out by advertising in the papers that Mr. Montgomery had attended a college in Kentucky. He had studied chemistry, physics, and geology, in all of which he excelled.

I could learn nothing of any of his relatives. That is

all I know about this, and beg to say in conclusion, that I will co-operate with you in anything you wish me to do and hope that you will soon discover this Mr. Montgomery's way of running a telephone line through the earth."

The next day the ex-minister, in trying to learn more about the queer cannon, searched the places around the avalanche closely. He happened to find a little piece of the muzzle sticking out of the ground. He dug around it, and came to a hollow space under the earth filled with that same peculiar gas which was in the wire. The gas immediately began to rise and in the way coming up, the muzzle of the cannon was in its path. There was a loud explosion; the cannon burst, a piece striking the ex-minister in the head, killing him instantly. There was no way of explaining why the cannon exploded, except on account of the gas.

So it happened that there has been no result from Mr. V. Rodman Montgomery's invention.

MEBANE LONG, '11.





## Pilgrim's Progress



OF the twenty-one of us, who now bid farewell to High School days, nineteen were members of last year's Junior class; of these nineteen, some sixteen have made the long pilgrimage from the first through the eleventh grade.

We began our journey from primary through senior with sixty-five or seventy companions. During the first three periods of this journey we met with very few difficulties, and with the aid of our leaders—the teachers—we started on the right path with careful directions.

During the next six periods our trials and perils increased from year to year; we met with such little pests as Latin, Algebra, and Arithmetic, which, while not at all dangerous, were at times very annoying; then there appeared, hanging upon the flanks of our little band and watching his chance for stragglers, a monster called Exams, which seemed to grow stronger and more formidable every month. But again, with the kind aid of our leaders and by our own diligence, with few exceptions we managed to escape through these perils. By the end of the ninth period some few thought themselves to be well enough acquainted with High School methods and determined to travel in other lands; and so it was that we began our tenth course with two-thirds of our original number. This period was passed through with very little difficulty; for, although we traveled in many new and strange lands, we had become inured to such hardships, and the monster Exams, grown tired of useless struggles, had become less formidable. Here was our greatest loss, half our number deserting with the goal almost in sight, some to other schools, some to work. The remaining half of us have struggled onward, overcoming our trials and conquering opposition, until at last we have attained our mark, for which we have striven so long.



But let it not be supposed that this journey was made up entirely of trials and wails. Sweet, indeed, are the reveries of our primary days as we play marbles or jump rope, or of our intermediate days, ever ready for mischief and fun; then of our High School days, with the athletics, baseball, basket-ball and foot ball, with our literary societies, debates, and the class papers with their puns and jokes upon ourselves.

Thus, at length, through many trials and hardships, yet accompanied by many pleasures and joys, we have arrived at our goal, completed our journey, and great is our reward.

CYRUS LONG, JR., '10.



## Ambition

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High climbs the youth, the dizzy precipice height  
Where skyward birds whirl in their airy flight;  
The stories, loose and weak, beneath his feet doth fall;  
But undaunted, he trusteth the God, who ruleth all.

Ambition urgeth man to greater heights than these,  
Where office, honors, wealth, doth wait that he might  
seize,  
But Procrastination, the cruel thief of fame,  
Doth ever threaten to drag him into the pit of shame.

Yield not, Oh! Mighty Climber, to the stress of worldly  
cares;  
But like unto the mountains youth, entertain only  
heavenly spheres.  
If thou succeedeth, the crown of victory shall e'er be thine  
And departing thou shalt leave "foot-prints on the sand  
of time."

J. W. CARR, '11.

## Cupid's Use of Modern Inventions

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**L**AURENCE BOLTON, the son of a wealthy New York magnate, had become very seriously in love with the daughter of his father's business partner, and approached the father one day and said, "Mr. Phillips, I would like to have your consent to the marriage of your daughter to me."

"You would, eh—well, Lawrence, I am sorry that I cannot give it to you now, not that I have anything against you, but that I have nothing for you, or in other words, you have never done anything yet to show yourself a man."

Lawrence said no more, but walked out disheartened, but not giving up, and decided from that very moment that he would show himself a man. He picked up a newspaper and was looking over the "Want Ads." when he noticed one reading thus: "Wanted, a man to operate first monarail car over the steel rope suspended from New York to Brooklyn; only men with a knowledge of electrical engineering need apply."

Lawrence remembering that he had at one time studied that branch of engineering, thought it a good chance to show himself a man. So he at once applied for the job, and having secured the position of engineer on the first monarail car to cross a body of water on a steel rope, he moved his traps over to Brooklyn, where his work was, and donned the overalls and jacket. In this condition he spent many days plodding away at his work.

But, in the meantime, another fellow by the name of Harlow had usurped his place in the graces of Miss Phillips and was taking her with him in his airship daily for a flight. Lawrence found this out and thought, "Ah! he is the fellow who is showing himself a man."

Bye and bye the time came for the trial of the mona-

rail car, and the car was placed on the rope and the huge glyrosopes started whirling, so that after a little the car caught its balance. Then it started on its perilous journey across the rope, being propelled by stored electricity.

It had proceeded not more than half the distance to be traversed, when Lawrence heard a cracking noise overhead, such as the breaking of something, and looked up. It took but one glance to take in the results. This fellow, Mr. Harlow, with Miss Phillips had been watching the monarail car from overhead, when one of the airship's planes had broken and left them falling through space. Miss Phillips, not being strapped in her seat like her companion, took a straight downward course, while her companion was carried down by the machine.

It was the former of these that Lawrence took special notice of, and with his strict obervation, saw that she was directly over the steel rope. With an unusual presence of mind, he quickly reversed the powerful motors and ran the car back, with the aim to get under her and save her life. He succeeded and caught her with the car going, not having time to stop it, and thus he saved her life, but she had already lost consciousness.

Words can but dimly describe the thrill that went through his heart at the touch of the one he had not seen for months, but gaining his own consciousness, he laid her down on a cot near by and tended to the mechanism of the car. He turned the full force of the storage batteries on, which burnt out the fuses, but in his haste to get some help at any cost to the car, the fuses were not allowed to hinder him, for he short-circuited them with his large pocket knife and a screw driver. By this time he was running at a record breaking speed with only one question to bother him, how long would the motors last? for they were fast heating with the excessive current. But this question did not remain long unsettled in his mind, for already he was nearing his destination, near enough to shut off power and apply brakes.

As soon as the car came to a standstill he jumped off,

and with the help of a physician, placed the unconscious form of Miss Phillips in an ambulance and hurried her off to the hospital.

During the four long months of her recovery, Lawrence had not failed to visit her every day. It was while on these visits that their old love for one another was renewed. Thus, one day toward the end of her illness, Lawrence once more made his appearance in the office of Mr. Phillips; this time it was with a hearty hand shake from Mr. Phillips that he was met, and a recognizing look of his son-in-law-ship.

Lawrence, on his next visit to his bride to be, had his wedding day set, and preparations were begun for the occasion. In due time, the two hearts were united by the process of the law, with but one blemish to mar the happiness of the day, that of the death on the day before of the young man with whom she was watching the trial of the monarail car on the day of the accident.

MARTIN BOYER, Jr. '11.





## Hallowe'en Party

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The boys of the Athletic Association delightfully entertained the girls at a Hallowe'en party at the Dowd flats. The house was appropriately decorated with cornstalks, autumn leaves and pumpkins. All arrived masked as ghosts and in the dim lights of the candles and Jack o'lanterns, they presented a very weird sight, moving to and fro.

The first part of the evening was spent in trying to discover who the ghosts were, which afforded much amusement. The order was given for unmasking, and the girls found that boys as well as girls could wear rings and bracelets.

The guests were escorted into the dining room where peanuts, lemonade, candy and apples were served in courses. Next all visited the fortune-teller's tent which stood in one corner of the room, that they might learn their future destiny. There were many whispers of excitement while waiting for their turn. The fortune-teller proved equal to the occasion, and had many surprises for them, for some came out smiling and others frowning.

The attraction given by the chaperones and visitors was one of the special features of the evening. They charmed the audience by their wit and originality. As the evening was drawing to a close, all (that cared) joined in a dance.

As the candles were burning low the farewells were said, after having spent a delightful evening.

## **"Miss Medwediff Entertains,"**

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The eleventh grade was kept in a delightful suspense for a week after receiving an invitation to attend an "at home" at Miss Minnie Medwediff's. When the time arrived all were present and were received by the gracious hostess and led into the parlor. Interesting games were engaged in. One of the most entertaining was a guessing contest, Miss Sara Mosley being the lucky contestant.

The method for securing partners was unique. Pennants of the class colors were distributed and the numbers on the girls' pennants corresponded to those on the boys. Then the dining room claimed the attention of all. Ice cream, cakes and candies were served by Miss Minnie and her sister. The rest of the time was spent in delightful contests.

The evening was so pleasantly spent that the time for departure passed unheeded.

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### **Juniors Give Spread to Seniors**

Shortly before school closed the Junior Class set the Seniors up to a most delicious spread, given in the lunch-room of the High School building. The room was most beautifully decorated with the class colors, Black and Gold. On entrance each received a pretty yellow rose with a black ribbon attached. Miss Louise Spong served at the punch bowl. Miss Mary Bloom and Miss Isabel Chapman received at the door.

O. B. & S. W.





## Four Young School Teachers

**H**AVE you decided to teach that school next summer, Margaret?" asked Helen. "What school are you talking about?" broke in Miriam quickly. "Oh, just a little school I was thinking of teaching in the mountains next summer. You see the weather there is so bad in the winter that they have a part of their school taught in the summer, and I was thinking of teaching one if I could get it."

"Oh! do you reckon we could get us one? Bessie let's teach one next summer, too, wouldn't that be fun? Where's Prof. Fielding? Let's go ask him right now if he will give us references and tell us where we can get schools. Come on, hurry up, you all are so slow."

"Hold on, you haven't asked me if I am going to teach yet, but I guess I will though," said little Bessie.

We all knew if Miriam said she and Bessie were going to teach, they were, for Bessie did just what Miriam said, and if Miriam said she was going to do a thing it was just as well as done.

Prof. Fielding seemed to be delighted to think that four of his bright girls should be so enthused over teaching school so early, and gladly gave us advice. His is not the kind of advice you get every day and we were glad enough to get it.

Then the exciting days came. We first wrote to the State Superintendent for the addresses of some of the county superintendents. These were soon received and we rushed our applications to the county superintendent's, adding a little to our age—an unusual thing for a girl to do. Then came the answers by the dozens; some refusals and yes, some acceptances. Now we had all gotten our schools and could hardly wait for High School days to be over.

"Just think," exclaimed Miriam, "thirty dollars a

month, and didn't you say Margaret, just ten dollars for board? and all that twenty dollars to spend, won't we have a picnic?"

"That's mighty cheap board," gloomily put in Helen. "I'll bet we just have to eat any old thing and have such tacky old rooms."

"No," said Margaret, who sympathized with the mountain people, "you see those people raise their own things and can afford to give us cheap board. Why, they just set a grand table and give you a nice clean room. Of course its kind of bare but you won't mind that. And they just treat you royally. I tell you they use what you call Southern hospitality."

Urged on by Miriam and myself, we set out for our first school teaching one warm day in June. We bade each other good-bye at the station and all set out in different directions. We corresponded with each other, but were so busy that we did not tell much about our schools.

It was the first of September; our school were out, and we were spending a pleasant day with Miriam.

"Margaret, you don't look as well as you did," said Mrs. Chester at dinner. "I don't believe teaching agrees with you; in fact, I don't think any of you like it as well as you did when you left home."

"Oh, yes we do," I said as pleasantly as I could, "I am just crazy about it. I'll tell you, Mrs. Chester, those mountain children are smart, and easy to manage, too; you don't have to beat things into their heads, they're just naturally bright."

"Yes, they are," said Bessie, helping me out. "and its the most fun going to school early in the morning and bossing those kids 'round there all day. You know I always did like to boss, and then we picked blackberries all the way home. I tell you that's good for your health."

"Yes, and no wonder I am so fat, said Miriam, "I declare that lady I boarded with used to fix up a regular picnic basket every day, and we'd just have a picnic out there in the grove at the noon recess, and I'd play tap and

ball with the kids; gee, they thought I was something."

"Yes, and Mrs. Chester," said Helen, who always thought of the boys, "we taught boys as large as we are, and some of them real nice looking, too."

After dinner we four went out on the side porch to have a talk among ourselves.

We had hardly settled down when Bessie said: "Well, girls, what kind of a time did you have teaching sure enough?"

Miriam was first to speak for she was anxious to tell us the real truth.

"My goodness, I hope nobody ever says summer school in the mountains again to me. I never thought I would be here to tell you the story. Those children are enough to run Job crazy. I used to stand up and talk my throat sore and then the little blockheads would sit up there and grin at me. And the idea of our having to go to school at eight o'clock in the morning and not getting out till four in the afternoon. It nearly wore me out. And of all that thirty dollars, I haven't a cent. It took every cent for railroad fare, board, laundry, and a few other things. I am thoroughly disgusted with summer schools in the mountains. That's my opinion."

"Yes, and talk about your good board," said Helen, "I had to board at a place where there were about a dozen in the family, and they made so much noise you couldn't hear your ears, and they didn't set a grand table, either. They told me it was just a little piece to the school house and I'll bet you it was four or five miles, and I had to walk it every day, too, in that nice warm weather. I can say now, no more summer schools for me."

"Well," said Bessie, "I could have stood the children if their parents and that hateful old school board hadn't tried so hard to run the school. If I didn't teach some little kid to read in two days, its father would come to school and tell me he was sending his child to learn and not to play. I tell you I have wasted all my summer and nothing to show for it, and to think I could have had such

a good time all these three months; and now we have to pack off to college next week. Now, Margaret, what have you got to say concerning summer schools?"

"Well, I always said I'd never whip a child, but I tell you when I told one little boy to do something and he said, 'I'll not do it,' I just brought him up to the front and broke that vow and a hickory, too. I have always thought I'd be a foreign missionary, but I have changed my mind. I think charity begins at home and I am going to go as a missionary to the mountains of the Old North State. I think something could be done for those poor ignorant people. They are healthy, robust and bright. They just need civilizing.

"Well, Margaret," said Miriam, "I hope you enjoy your life as a missionary to the mountains of the Old North State, but I think I have done all I can for those poor ignorant people."

"So have I," said Helen and Bessie together.

"And now," said Miriam, "let's forget past days and and try to have a good time for the next two weeks of grace."

CHARLOTTE RUCKER, '10.



## “A Misunderstanding.”

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**A**LL over the campus of Beverly college the girls stood in groups discussing the most important event of the college year, which was to take place one week from that day. A placard which one of the girls held in her hand explained the cause of such much excitement. It read as follows: “Beverly Female College vs. Fair View Female Institute, Nov. 3rd.”

The captain of the former team had not been elected yet. This was to take place that night. The captain was to come from the varsity, that was the only restraint. Every girl on the team had friends working for her, so the contest was expected to be close. To be captain was more of an honor than anything, as they had been drilled by a good coach and each one knew the signals.

Frances Fairfax, the star basket-ball player of the preceding year, and a member of the varsity sat alone in her room. Never since she had been in college had she felt so lonesome and forsaken, not even the first week of her college life, when she was among strangers. She and her room-mate, Edna Duke, had always been inseparable and got along fine, although they were exactly opposite in every way except that that they both loved basket-ball and both played on the first team. Frances was tall, with dark hair and eyes, slow to make friends, but when once she did make one, she never lost it. Edna was not so tall, with an abundance of light hair and blue eyes. She was very witty, easily made friends, and a great favorite of the school.

Looking out of the window, Francis saw Edna laughing and talking with girls who a few days before she hardly knew. Frances quickly turned away from the window and exclaimed: “I wouldn’t have thought it of her; that she would have worked so hard to make herself

captain. If I never got a single vote, I wouldn't go out and get people to vote for me."

Just a few minutes before supper, Edna came running in to dress. Frances was very much hurt by her roommate's behavior for the last few days in leaving her all alone, and really seemed glad that she was sick and could not be out, and this was so unlike Edna. She turned to Edna and said: "I hope you will succeed in gaining the honor of being captain, for you are working hard enough for it. I can understand better now why you have been acting as you have lately—dancing, walking and having girls up here after supper, who before were nearly unknown you." No sooner had she said it than she would have given worlds to have had it back. All the smiles left Edna's face, and a pained expression came on it. She went on dressing without a word.

For once there was no laughing and talking in their room to be objected to by the teachers.

When she left to go down to supper she said: "Shall I bring you some supper?"

"No, thanks, do not bother, as I am not hungry."

Immediately after supper the selecting of the captain was to take place. After what seemed a long, long time to Frances, Edna returned. A smile was on Edna's face, so Frances thinking she had been made captain, said: "Let me congratulate you on your success, and remind you that success crowns effort."

Edna only said: "Here, put on this pretty white dress, some girls are coming in to-night." She also handed Frances some violets, the college flower. Frances was surprised that Edna should give them to her instead of wearing them herself.

In a few minutes the girls came in, and instead of congratulating Edna as she expected, they congratulated Frances, telling her how she had been nearly unanimously elected.

After the girls left, Edna immediately went to bed. Francis would have liked to have apologized, but she



knew it would take something more than words to make up for such a wound.

As she lay in the bed worrying, suddenly a thought struck her, which put new life in her and made her happy once more.

Edna and her best friend and admirer, Jack Wallace, had had a misunderstanding and Jack had told her he would not come back till she sent for him. Edna, to a casual observer, appeared as happy as a butterfly; but Frances knew that she was sorry already and only her pride kept her from writing to him. Every morning Frances saw a handkerchief all in a little wet knot, and this did not go to prove that its owner was happy.

After the basket-ball game the winning team was to have a reception, to which they could invite their young men friends. Frances decided to invite Jack Wallace, for she knew if he came he and Edna would make up all right, and in this way she could partly make up to Edna for the wound she had caused. She invited him, and in a very short time she received an answer saying he would be delighted to come.

Friday, the day for the game, arrived. The weather was ideal. A large crowd of ladies and girls were there to witness the game. At the end of the first half the score was a tie. The Fair View team threw a foul, making them one point ahead. The Beverly girls did their best, but it seemed they could not score. Frances was in agony; she must do something. The ball came her way, she jumped and caught it. She paid no attention to the yelling, but aimed at the basket; but it seemed so high and far away, she dared not look. Then suddenly a yell arose and she knew she had succeeded. The referee called the time out, and the score stood four and three in favor of Beverly.

Edna had laid out a simple white dress to wear to the reception, but Frances insisted on her wearing her blue, which was much more becoming.

Frances and Edna entered the reception room together.

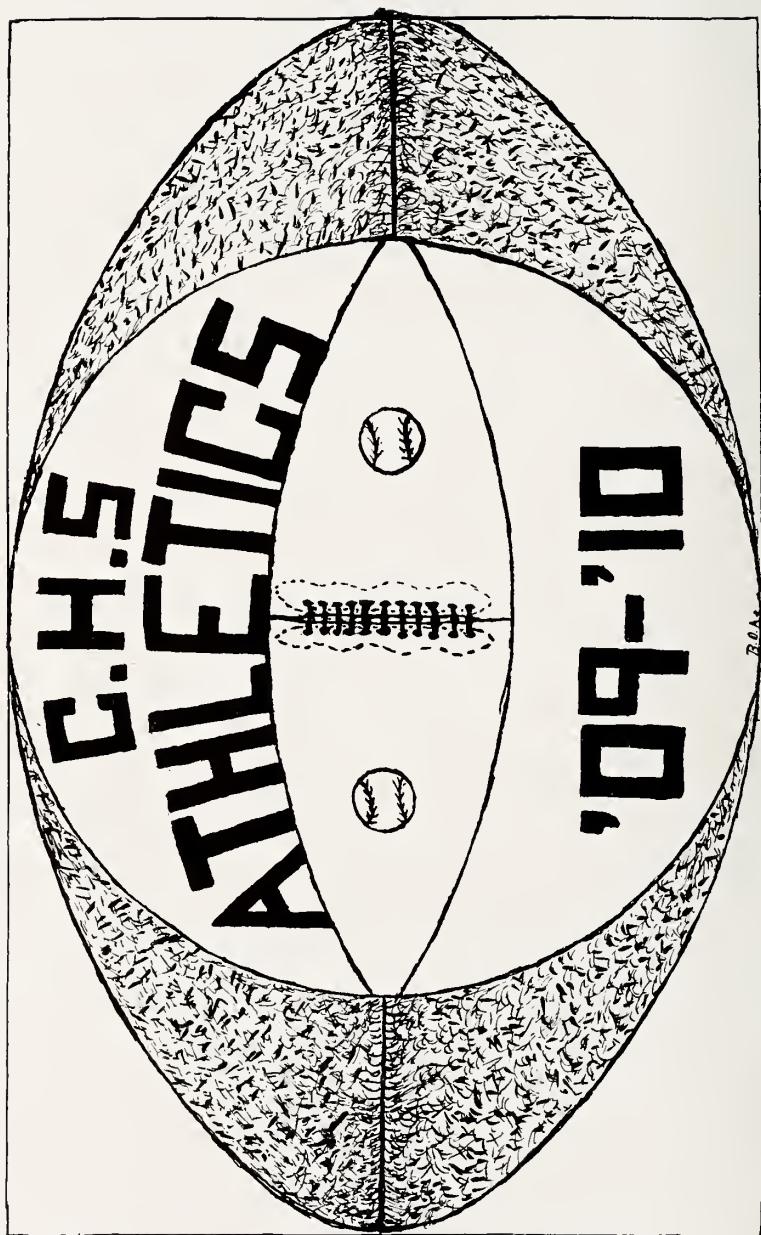


Frances saw Edna start as she recognized the tall form of Jack coming to meet them. Frances soon made some excuse to leave them.

Frances happened to reach the room first after the reception. When Edna came in—the happy, smiling Edna of old—she walked up and kissed Frances, and each knew that she forgave and was forgiven.

SUDIE WILSON, '10





# To Athletics

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## I.

Thy subjects, O Apollo, are the highest type of man,  
For the strongest and greatest under thy banners stand.  
The Romans were thy patrons in the ancient days of yore,  
But now, Americans, the greatest race, thy shrines e'er  
adore.

## II.

They pursue thy manly arts of every form and kind,  
From the eleven of gridiron unto the base ball nine.  
Field sports, swimming, gymnasium, they follow with  
highest delight,  
Hence, art the fairest of thy people, the ones of greatest  
might.

## III.

In token of thy virtues, which raise manhood to its highest  
sphere,  
In token of thy advantages, which we partly relate here.  
To edify thy customs, that we have endured through  
countless ages,  
We dedicate to thee, O Athletics, these following pages.  
J. W. C. '11.

## Athletic Association

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About a month after the school term began, and when we had settled down to our studies, the members of both the Senior and Junior classes met and formed an Athletic Association. Athletics appeal to every one and nearly every boy in the classes joined. The Association elected for its officers Derr Mayberry, president; Otto Austin, vice-president, and Heriot Clarkson, treasurer.

The Constitution of the Association of the previous year was adopted with a few amendments. As no Athletic Association can be carried on without money, the dues were fixed at fifteen cents a month, to be doubled at the end of the first five days of each month if not paid up before that time. A meeting was to be called by the President whenever he thought it necessary, or when there was any business to be transacted, or a team to be organized, etc.

At the beginning of each season for the different games, a meeting was called for the purpose of organizing teams and electing captains and managers. At the beginning of the foot-ball season, a team was organized with Cyrus Long, captain, and Otto Austin, manager. Days were set for practice and the team immediately settled down to work. Our Varsity basket ball team was organized at the beginning of the season with Junius Smith, captain, and Otto Austin, manager.

The Association alone has promoted the interest in the Athletics, which has been shown, and it is certain that the need of an association will be seen each year following this, and that one will be formed each year in the Charlotte High School.

## Foot Ball

As there are only about fourteen boys in the Junior Class, and all these very light in weight, no football team was organized separately from the Varsity team. Several members of the Junior Class played on the Varsity team, which played only two games during the season, tying both of these.

## Basket Ball

The Girls' Basket Ball Team had for its captain Janet Hall of the Senior Class. Mr. Flanagan, our teacher, may be called the manager, as he was the only one who secured a game for the team. The chaperone was Miss Sallie Bethune, one of the teachers in the primary grades.

The only game played by the girls' team was with the Salisbury High School. This resulted in a defeat for our team. It could hardly be expected that our team should win the game, as none of the girls had ever played before this year, and, besides, many good teams lose the first game. Nothing will be said of the score. It may be said that it was close (?).

Beside the Varsity team, the girls made up two teams from the Junior Class and played several games for practice.

The Boys' Varsity Team played twelve games before our Annual went to press, winning six and losing six. Four of the six games lost were lost to the same team.

Before Christmas some of the boys of the Junior Class met and formed a basket ball team with Heriot Clarkson, captain, and Mebane Long, manager. Only one game was played before Christmas. This was with the Covenanters of the First Presbyterian church, and resulted in a defeat for our team. After Christmas the series with the Covenanters was finished, C. H. S. Juniors winning it by defeating our opponents in both games.


The next series was with Fourth Ward. This team was too strong for us, and won the series. Our captain had been sick before the first game with Fourth Ward and could only play part of the first game, and none of the second. Our center, one of our best players, was absent in the last game. However, we will not make any excuses, but give the games to Fourth Ward, and give them the full credit of winning them, which they did.

G. M. L. '11.



## Sports in a High School

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HE current newspapers and periodicals have much to say in regard to out-door sports in connection with our institutions of learning, some articles favoring and some condemning them. With the few rare exceptions of fatalities which might be avoided, I can see nothing but good in them.

Our sports, or athletics, consist chiefly of foot-ball, basket-ball, and baseball. These three games develop the mental faculties as well as the physical. Rowing, tennis, swimming, and track work, are other fine sports for the development of the strength; but these cannot always be maintained by High Schools.

First, let us take up the discussion of foot-ball. This game requires grit and daring. Not every fellow is willing to have his nose broken or his eye swollen, just for the love of a game. The public opinion is that foot-ball is very dangerous, brutal, inhuman, and should be excluded from our schools, but this estimate does not always hold true. Of course a crowd of professionals lined up against each other, might work injury, but what harm is there in boys playing the game? Their bones are young and do not break easily. What harm is there in a swollen jaw, a scratched face, or a sore finger? These trifling injuries bring out manhood. They also help them to bear great woes and sorrows, which they will surely have to come in contact with later in life. From a physical standpoint the chief result of this well-formed game is the hardening of the muscles.

Basket-ball is a simple game. It is good for the girls, as well as boys. This game calls for quickness and accurate throwing. Quickness is something that is needed in every day life. Many a life has been saved by a quick jump to the curb-stone just as an automobile darts by.



Basket-ball develops the lung power, as there is a great deal of running. Strong lungs should be prized by every person. It is the only way to ward off that most disastrous disease.

Now, for baseball, viewed as a sport and not as a science. Baseball is a unique game, the national game of the United States, and soon to be of the world. Not everybody can play this wonderful game. It takes constant and energetic practice to accomplish the inside features of the game. Signs are greatly used in the modern game, to such a great extent that it is almost a secret language among the players of one team. This requires a great deal of study to get them perfect. The gray matter is used much throughout the entire game. As when a runner is attempting a steal, he must think quickly, the mind working with the feet. Quick thought and action is a good resource in time of action, for example, to an engineer in time of peril.

Thus it may be seen that a strong and athletic body produce a strong mind.

A. J. E., '10.





FOOT BALL TEAM

## Foot Ball Team

---

Cyrus Long, Captain

Otto Austin, Manager

Otto Austin	-	-	Ends	-	-	Mebane Long
Stuart Gilchrist	-		Tackles	-		Roy McKnight
DeWitt Austin	-	-	Guards	-	-	Martin Boyer
Cyrus Long	-	-	Halfs	-	-	Derr Mayberry
Heriot Clarkson	-	-	Quarter Backs	-		David Hyland
Callie Little, Center			Ward Evans, Substitute			





**T**HE C. H. S. foot ball team of '09-'10 did not come up to the standard of last year's team. Although it may be said that we were never defeated, yet we never had a victory to crow over, in fact we played only two games, both of which were tied.

The necessary amount of enthusiasm was lacking; however, after a few weeks of hard practicing, our line-up had been picked, and we were ready for our first game.

Early in October we met the foot ball team from Baird's Prep. School; the game ended in a tie 5 to 5. Long made the touchdown for C. H. S., Cunningham for B. P. S.

The next and last game was also with the B. P. S. team. This was a very close and exciting contest. Both teams came within a few feet of a touchdown. Although each team strove hard to win, the game ended a tie 0 to 0. Gilchrist saved us from defeat by a timely tackle, when a touchdown by a B. P. S. man was imminent.

Our men did very well in their respective positions. Some were new players and showed up excellently in their initial year at the game. I am sure that if our boys had had the necessary amount of enthusiasm, we would have had a few victories to our credit.

ROY B. MCKNIGHT.



### **GIRLS BASKET BALL TEAM**

Miss Louise Spong, Miss Ruth Bennett, Miss Emily Durham, Miss Isabel Chapman  
Miss Janet Hall, Miss Sudie Wilson, Miss Sarah Moseley

## Casey No. 2

(WITH APOLOGIES)

It was a summer day; no cloud  
Obscured the summer sun,  
But gloom hung o'er the Charlotte crowd  
They had not scored a run.  
Their last chance at the bat came round  
One chance to save the game,  
And from the crowd there rose no sound,  
To bat great Clancey came,  
He took his place with greatest ease  
The bat he firmly held,  
The out curves broke around his knees,  
"Strike one!" the umpire yelled  
Again the pitcher caught the sphere,  
And hurled it through the air,  
But this time Clancy had no fear,  
He hit the sphereoid fair,  
But plain John Smith was playing right  
He heard the cheering dense,  
He saw the Spaulding's soaring flight  
He ran swift to the fence,  
The highest boards he quickly scaled,  
He thrust his glove in air,  
Toward him straight the Spaulding sailed  
And John Smith caught it there.

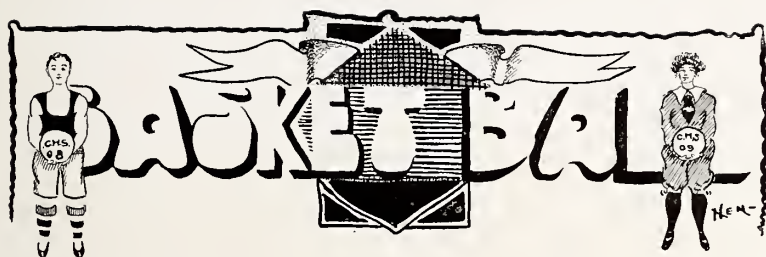
UHLMAN ALEXANDER, '11.





**BOYS BASKET BALL TEAM**  
McNight, Long, Smith, Russell, Austin





**S**HE SECOND SEASON in which the Charlotte High School has been represented by a basket ball team has at last drawn to a close. The team has played its last game and the boys have disbanded, knowing that they have won their laurels, and are proud of that title which the team has won by hard playing and clean athletics.

The foot ball season was scarcely over when basket ball was the next cry. A team was organized, of which Otto Austin was elected manager and Junius Smith, captain. The quintette started practice with a determination that few C. H. S. teams have ever displayed. They intended to give the High School a team she might be proud of, and well did they succeed.

After a few weeks of practicing our team lined up against the strong team of the Boys' Club of the local Y. M. C. A. A very good crowd was out to see us play our first game, and at no time did the interest lag; next morning there appeared in the Daily Observer the unexpected news: C. H. S. 21, Boys' Club 16.

This was the first and last victory of a series of five games played with the Boys' Club. Of the other four games, the less said the better. We were defeated each time. The Boys' Club team received reinforcements, which made them a little too strong for us.

On Dec. 11 our bunch of basket ball tossers left for Salisbury, where we overwhelmed the Salisbury High School to the tune of 27-4. We take much pride in this victory, for on the Salisbury team was a college varsity

player, whom Austin held down to a single goal; the other two points were made on fouls.

A game with the Davidson College Fresh was the chief topic for discussion for about a week before Dec. 23, when this notable event was to be pulled off. This may sound easy—the Davidson Freshmen—but it was everything else but easy. On the freshman team were the two regular forwards of the Davidson varsity, one of whom played center against us, who, together with another forward and two fine guards, gave the C. H. S. bunch the hardest proposition they ever had to confront. The gallery of the local gymnasium was crowded when the referee's whistle blew. Never did any C. H. S. team fight as hard for victory as we did; until the last few seconds of play the score was in doubt, in favor of Davidson one moment, of C. H. S. the next. When the shrill cry of the time-keeper's whistle was heard, we glanced heart-broken at the score board—Davidson 31, C. H. S. 29.

Our next victim was the Dilworth Athletic Club's team, which we defeated twice in rapid succession, 26 to 20 and 36 to 6.

Manager Austin next arranged a series of three games with the Monroe High School team. The first and third games to be played in Monroe, the second in Charlotte. The first game was exceedingly rough and exciting. A large crowd of Monroe pupils cheered their team on to victory. The score of this game was 27-22 in Monroe's favor. Our fighting blood was now hot. We resolved to win the last two battles, which we did with comparative ease, 26 to 8 and 28 to 18.

Summing up our victories and our defeats, we find that our team has played twelve games, winning six and losing six. This is not so bad a record as it sounds, for it must be remembered that four defeats were administered by one team, which was too strong for us. Our boys did not try for individual starring, although each boy played his position well, and would often make a pretty play or shoot a long basket. They strove to get perfect, that which

amounts to more than everything else on a team of any kind, good team work.

The prospect for a good team next year are very bright. Although the boys are smaller in size than this year's, hard practicing, accurate gold shooting and good team work will overcome this obstacle. There is one thing which will give a team more honor than a long string of victories; this thing is good clean playing. Here's hoping that the future teams of C. H. S. will be honored by this as well as a good string of victories.

ROY B. MCKNIGHT.



## Thomas Nelson Page

---



ONE of the most prominent figures in Southern literature is Thomas Nelson Page. His charming stories are more widely known, and generally read more, perhaps, than those of any of his contemporaries. He is the son of Major John Page, of Oakland, and Elizabeth Burwell Nelson. He was born in Hanover County, Virginia, April 23, 1853, and is descended from Gen. Thomas Nelson, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and also a prominent figure in the war of the Revolution. There is scarcely a distinguished family in Virginia to which he is not in some way related.

Page was born on the old plantation out in the woods and fields where his happy childhood was spent. He was sent to Washington and Lee University to study under Gen. Robert E. Lee, and later when just twenty-one took the degree of B. L. at the University of Virginia. At this time he developed a taste for literary work and while at both of these institutions he wrote a great deal for the various University magazines. After leaving Washington and Lee he taught school in Jefferson County, Kentucky.

After graduating in law Mr. Page opened an office in Richmond, Virginia, where he established for himself a successful practice. Shortly after this he wrote *Marse Clan*. It is said to be the best story that has been written about the war between the States.

Mr. Page is described as a man of charming personality. He is said to be "slender, with a strongly marked and genial face." He is energetic, industrious and careful. With him law is a profession, a duty; literature a pastime, a pleasure.

The "Old South," the newest and latest of Mr. Page's productions, a volumn of essays, has been greatly enjoyed by every patriotic Southerner. His "Red Rock" which

appeared in 1898 is a historical novel and it brings before us human life as it actually was in those awful Reconstruction days.

Mr. Page's writing and influence have always been on the side of truth and right. It is not surprising, since we learn that the wife of his youth, a pure and lovely woman, who died several years ago at the age of twenty-two, was his inspiration.


Thomas Nelson Page has always represented what is best in the literature of the South, and while all that he has written is truly Southern, his broad views and loyalty to his country have made for him almost as many friends in the North as in the South.

He married again in 1893 Mrs. Henry Field, a granddaughter of Governor Barbour, of Virginia, and then moved to Washington City.

Great as he is as a writer of short dialect stories, as a novelist and as a poet, the work he has done in essay writing has been of most value to the South. He has helped the South more than any other one man in its present political developments.

ESTELLE GLENN, '10.

## A Fictitious Story

T was in the spring of the year 1910 that as I sat in my office one day that a young man of 24 years stepped in. My experience enabled me to see that something great was troubling him. I invited him to take a seat, which he did and began immediately to tell me a great long story of his troubles, which all summed up amounted to this: This fellow who introduced himself as Harry Lee from Lynchburg, Va., said he was related to General Lee, had been in Philadelphia working as a reporter on the Philadelphia Press. He had noticed on the window of his room one morning the letters "C. T." in a very indistinct manner. He erased them and thought no more about it. The next morning he noticed the same letters on the pane and glancing down on the balcony floor just outside the window he noticed a small straight groove about an inch long on the floor. He erased the letters on the window pane and did not bother himself much about the groove either. The morning following he rose early and noticed the characters on the window with the addition of the No. 3 inscribed below the others and saw that there were now two grooves on the balcony floor. These had aroused his suspicions, so he came to me. This was in brief all that he said, and taking up his hat, said as he departed, he would come to see me later in the day.

After his departure my mind was mixed with joy and worry. Joy because I had prospects of a big case; worry because I thought that it might mean something to the young man. I knew where Mr. Lee's room was, so I decided to walk over and see it, and I did, and found everything just as he said. I looked around the place for some means by which the person doing these things might have gotten up, but nowhere did I find any footprints or any other thing to signify that any one had been about. I then decided to take a stroll around the house, and noticed



that on the opposite side of the house from Mr. Lee's room there was a new residence being built, which was surrounded by scaffolding, not over eight feet from the house, to which a board might have been easily set across from the new house. I surmised immediately how the nightly visitor had gotten up to Mr. Lee's window. After this discovery I returned to my office and sat down while waiting the return of Mr. Lee, to think upon the case. At length I made up my mind to appear perfectly ignorant of everything to Mr. Lee, so that he would move along in his usual habits. I knew that nothing would happen for one day to come, because the number on the window was 3, and there were as yet but two marks on the balcony floor. After waiting a little while, I went down the street for a little lunch and when I returned I found Mr. Lee waiting. He did not seem as much worried as he did in the morning, and I tried to make little of the whole matter to him. I casually suggested that he stay at a hotel over night. I questioned him more closely about himself to find out his habits and life, and found that he was quite a sport and lady's man; often with the ladies, and particularly one young lady, who was the head stenographer in the Press office. It seems he had been paying some special attention to this young lady, whose name was Miss Adelaide Palmer. I also drew out of him that he going to the Opera that night. After talking a while longer and telling me where he would stop that night, he departed.

I hurriedly jerked off my collar and put on an old pair of overalls and jacket, rumpled up my hair, got my hands dirty, smeared them across my face, put on an old dust-covered hat and followed Mr. Lee as closely as possible without arousing suspicion. He went straight to the Press office. I remained outside talking to a policeman, whom I let on to who I was. At length Mr. Lee came out with Miss Palmer. He escorted her to the steps of her home and said he would call at 8:15. I had followed him all the way. It was now six o'clock, so I hurried back to my



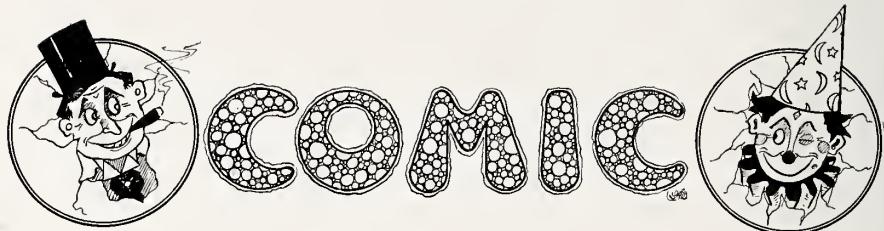
office and took of my overalls and replaced them with my business suit and went down to the restaurant, ate my supper, hurried to my boarding place, where I quickly put on my evening dress and found that I had just 25 minutes in which to get in front of Miss Palmer's house. At 8:15 sharp, Mr. Lee stepped on the porch of the Palmer home and rang the bell. When the door opened I, from my place of concealment, saw Mr. Lee with Miss Palmer followed by another couple down to the curb, where a cab was waiting, and they were driven off.

I quickly emerged from my hiding place and hailed another cab and instructed the driver to follow the cab which had just gone. The same time Mr. Lee and his crowd alighted at the grand opera. I did the same, and having already bought a ticket for a seat just behind Mr. Lee, I entered and sat down, as I did so Mr. Lee's eyes and mine met. He did not speak but I saw that he recognized me. He seemed very uneasy after that, he wore a sober face and turned half way around several times during the program, as if he were watching me. This aroused my suspicion in a far different way. I left the opera about in the middle of the program and went immediately to my office nearby and put on a mask, dressed as nearly as possible like to that of the negro cab-driver, and returned to the grand opera. I found the cab in which Mr. Lee and his crowd had come and bribed the driver with a fifty dollar note to get down from his perch and leave me with his job, telling him that I would return it to him at the Pennsylvania depot. I had scarcely placed myself in the driver's seat, when the opera was over and pushing through the crowds came Mr. Lee and his companions. They entered the cab and I drove them back to Miss Palmer's home where they got out. I received orders from Mr. Lee to wait on him. In a little while Mr. Lee came out and told me to drive him to the Press office. On arriving at the Press office I was told to wait here also for him. My curiosity was great in regard to what he might want in his office this time of night, so I got down from my seat and went to the big glass window in front, which was made

dark by a shade, but at one side there was a small crevice through which I saw Mr. Lee placing the contents of the safe in his pocket. That was enough. I hurried back to my post and immediately Mr. Lee came out. I was ordered to drive quickly to the Pennsylvania depot, but I knew now what the game was and drove around a couple of blocks to the police station instead, and delivered up my man. The next morning the papers were full of the robbery of \$10,000 out of the Press office.

After thinking over the happenings of the last twenty-four hours I came to the conclusion that the young man's game was this: Mr. Lee had either hired some one to put those characters on his window or had done it himself. His aim, in doing this, was evidently to throw suspicion off from himself; that is, he intended to take the money on the night, which was marked on the window of his room, as his last day. Thus people would think that he was put out of the road and the money taken by a member of a secret society. He came to me with his story to call the attention of the public through me to the strange letters on the window and the grooves on the balcony floor. The letters "C. T." on his window were the initials used by one of the dreaded Black Hand leaders of the day.

MARTIN E. BOYER, JR., '11.



The world is old, yet likes to laugh;  
New jokes are hard to find;  
A whole new editorial staff  
Can't tickle every mind.

So if you meet some ancient joke  
Decked out in modern guise,  
Don't frown and call the thing a fake,  
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

Kathleen—"I want a husband, who will be easily pleased."

Virginia—"That's the kind you'll get."

Mr. Graham—"Do you understand French?"

Prof. Flanagan—"Yes, when its spoke in Irish."

Mr. Hardin—"We will use my hat as an illustration for the moon."

Pip Young—Say! please, is the moon inhabited?"

"Going to send your boy on an ocean trip are you?"  
said a friend to Morrow's father.

"Yes," replied the father. "You see if there is anything in him I think a long sea voyage will bring it out."

### **"Essay on Boys."**

Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be ladies by and by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam He said to himself: "Well, I think I can do better if I try

again." And he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam, that there have been more women than men.

Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.

Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. And has rested ever since. Women was made, and she has never rested.

Composer—ELIZABETH BOMAR.

---

A bashful young couple, who were evidently very much in love, entered a crowded street car.

"Do you suppose we can squeeze in here?" Will asked, looking doubtfully at her blushing face.

"Don't you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home?" was the low, embarrassed reply from Erwin.

"Father, you were born in California, you say, inquired——

"Yes, my son."

"And mother was born in New York?"

"Yes."

"And I was born in Indiana?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, father, don't it beat the Dutch how we all got together."

"Some adjectives," said the Prof., "such as danger, meaning full of danger, hazardous, full of hazard. Can any one give me another example."

"Yes, sir," replied Uhlman, "pious, full of pie."

"Well, said Louise, who thinks she has a beautiful soprano voice, if the worst comes to the worst, I could keep the wolf from the door by singing."

"I don't doubt that would do it," replied Cyrus, who had suffered much, but suppose the wolf should happen to be deaf."

Mr. Prof., instructing the class in composition, said: "You should not attempt any flights of fancy; simply be yourselves and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspirations from outside sources."

As a result, John turned out the following composition: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stimmick, lungs, heart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy and my dinner."

Mr. Flanagan—"Now can any of you tell me where there is a connecting link between animal and vegetable kingdom?"

"Yes, sir," answered Stuart, "There's hash."

"Grandma, did you enjoy that gum-drop?" quired Wayt.

Granny—"Yes, I liked it very much, dear."

"Well, Towser didn't. He spit it out twice," was the surprised supply.

---

### "Happiness"—A Recipe

To make it—Take a hall, dim lit,  
A pair of stairs where two may sit;  
Of music soft, a bar or so,  
Two spoons of just two spoons, you know,  
Of love pats, one or two,  
Or one squeezed hand, instead, will do;  
A waist—the size to be embraced,  
And two ripe lips, rose red, to taste;  
And if the lips are soft and sweet,  
You find your happiness complete.

## A Love Story

He had never told his love; their acquaintance had been brief, and when suddenly he placed his arms around her neck and imprinted a kiss upon her rosebud mouth, she was naturally startled.

"Sir," she said, "this is unsufferable!"

"Forgive me," he cried, "I was mad to act so. I beseech you, pardon me."

"No, I can never forgive you. You have forfeited my friendship. You must leave at once and forever!"

Vainly he pleaded. She was obdurate. So glaring an offence could not be condoned. Breathing low he said he would go. His whole life would be embittered, for he felt that her image could ne'er be effaced from his memory.

"I will go," he sadly murmured. "But before I leave you I have one boon to ask. I feel that I am not unreasonable, nor too utter in desiring this one favor: I trust you will grant it to me. It is my final request."

"What is it," she timidly interrogated, softly touched by his emotion.

"Won't you please take your arm from around my neck?"

---

Ladies, skip this paragraph! It is really unfit for publication, so we asked the printers to set it wrong side up.

If there's anything worries a woman,  
It's something she ought not to know;  
But you bet she'll find it out anyhow,  
If she gets the least kind of a show.  
Now, we'll wager ten cents for a farthing,  
This poem she's already read—  
We knew she'd get at it somehow,  
If she had to stand on her head.

Ilaweese—"Did Callie go to the masquerade?"

Mebane—"Yes, he had the most perfect disguise I ever saw; nobody recognized him."

Ilaweese—"What did he go as?"

Mebane—"A gentleman."

When Ed says "tam" in place of time,  
What should he say instead of dime?

---

### Compozishum on Pins, by a Senior

Pins is useful things. They has saved many lives of people, 'cause they didn't eat them. On the other hand, they has give peple lots of trouble, 'cause if anybody happens to tare a hole in his pants, they mos' always don't have no pins and has to ask a girl for one. Pins will stick if you sit down right hard on one. I seen a boy put one in another boy's desk once't, and when he tried to set down he riz up about two feet. Pins sometimes helps Cupid make folks love each other. One time I seen a feller talking to his girl. She says, "Lemme pin this rose on you, William. William says, "Pin it right here, over my heart, Phebe." Phebe tries to pin it on, but she was sorter nervous and the pin slipped and stuck William right hard.

"Ouch, oh golly! you kilt me right in the heart," yelled William, dancin' 'round.

"Oh dearie, have I hurt you, William?"

"I'm kilt," groaned he.

"I'll kiss you and make it well," she said, and William got well right off.

Yessiree, pins is useful things.

H. C. L.



The Charlotte High School has this year established a first-class livery stable for the accommodation of ponies of the renowned breeds' of Virgil, Cicero and Livy. It is hoped that the succeeding classes will carefully upbuild this establishment, but not at any time keep it overstocked. The animals are kept in best condition by constant exercise. So ride, pupils, ride!

Parents, why make your children suffer? Give them chloroform before whipping them.

A SUFFERER.



# C E N S U S 1 9 1 0

NAME	AGE	DESCRIPTION	FAVORITE SAYING	CHIEF TOPIC	HORROR	AMBITION
Otto Austin .....	Grandfather of class	Tough	Better quit, now	Wireless Telegraphy	Girls	To die a bachelor
Estelle Glenn.....	Delicate subject	Lean	Do you think so?	Davidson	Flashy people	To be popular
Janet Hall.. .....	Not over 21	Stout	Horrors!	Teaching	Misbehavior in class	To teach
Tnomas Haughton	Between 3 and 4	Always blushing	Hasn't any	Lessons	Callie	To pass on studies
Ruby Hoover.. ....	Younger than ever	Mushy, slushy, squashy	Look here	The boys	Ward	To do nothing
David Hyland .....	2 yrs. 3 mo. 6 days	A Sampson	I might get hurt	Sines and Cosines	Boxing gloves	To be mama's pet
Cyrus Long.....	Not too old for Louise	Handsome enough for Louise	Well now —	Louise	To make less than perfect	To make more
Callie Little .....	Younger than Ilawese	Some good looking	Cannot be printed	Ilawese	Ilawese's other suitors	To get married soon
Derr Mayberry.....	Tough luck	Stronger than Sampson	Dear Ruby	Ruby	Eleventh grade girls	To go into the ring
Roy McKnight.....	Past middle life	Bent	Great day!	Riding	To be without money	To play 2nd base
Minnie Medwedeff	Old enough to ride	A bean pole	I don't see that	Chicago High School		Etre une medicine
Mabel Miller.. .	Far advanced	Indescribable	"Love me and the world is mine,"	Otto	Rats	To dance
Sara Moseley .....	16,3 yrs ago	Skinny	I just love him to death	Pictures	To be kissed?	To win Mr. Powell
	Insulted if asked					

# CENSUS (CONTINUED)

NAMES	AGE	DESCRIPTION	FAVORITE SAYING	CHIEF TOPIC	HORROR	AMBITION
Mildred Neal.....	Has never told	A Mississippi Beauty	Behave yourself	Things soft and sweet	All boys, except A. E.	To work Algebra
Blanche Owens....	Sweet sixteen	Dark	Ward, quit now	Styles	French	To be a poetess
Charlotte Rucker..	?	Heavy	Don't do that	Stuart	To play hands	To teach
Idabel Shaw.....	No time to add it	Hammered down	Look here, Ruby		Nothing	To look stunning
Sudie Wilson.....	Very Young ?	Blonde	Wish I had'nt spoken	Lessons	Everything	To play the fiddle
Ward Evans.....	2 †	Measley	? ! ! * — ! ! ! ? ?	What he has done	To get "done,"	To do other people

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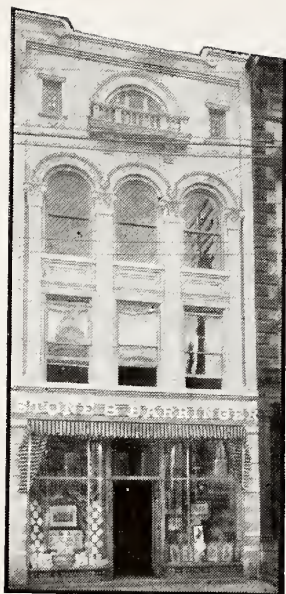
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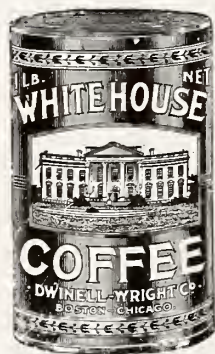
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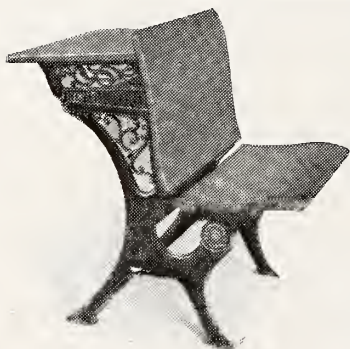
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